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My Note Book.



THE little outline sketch in the margin will serve for the identification by connoisseurs of the "Madonna dei Candelabri" attributed to Raphael, which, by the time what I am writing is in print, will probably be on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is

owned by the Hon. Mr. Munro Butler Johnstone, of London, who wishes to sell it, and is brought over under the auspices of Mr. Hurlbert, of The New York World. Not having seen the picture yet, I cannot speak personally of its merits. But its history is well known. The painting (which is on a nearly circular panel about twenty-five inches in diameter) is not mentioned by the critic Vasari, who in the sixteenth century wrote of Raphael and his great contemporaries. It is first heard of in 1796—nearly three centuries after Raphael's death—when it was in the Borghese Palace at Rome, where it was engraved by Ernest Morace. How it came there no one knows. Lucien Bonaparte acquired it during the French occupation, and, it having passed into the Duke of Lucca's collection of paintings, it was bought at the dispersion of the latter, in 1840, for 1500 guineas, by Mr. H. A. F. Munro, a kinsman of the present owner.

At the auction of Mr. Munro's collection in London in 1878, the picture was offered for sale, and since then it has been somewhat under a cloud. The first bid for it was 15,000 guineas. It was run up to 19,500 guineas, and then, to the great astonishment of the audience, the auctioneer had to state that it had been bid in. On this occasion another Madonna—an undoubted Raphael—"Ecce Agnus Dei" (sometimes called "La Vierge à la légende")—was knocked down for 3000 guineas, on a single bid, to Agnew, the London dealer. This picture is also owned by the Hon. Mr. Johnstone.

It may as well be said at once, before the public is taught to accept this "Madonna dei Candelabri" as a perfect Raphael, that its authenticity is more than doubtful. Passavant says that the angels holding the lamps, which give the name to the picture, are not by Raphael but by a later painter. Kugler says the picture is by some pupil of the great master and is only touched by the latter. Dr. Waagen says it "shows great inequalities in the execution of certain portions. The head of the Virgin is so noble and delicate in form and feeling that none but Raphael could have executed it. But the child, however beautiful, has something affected in the laugh and is heavier in coloring. This alone is sufficient to indicate the co-operation of Giulio Romano, while the angels are so much less spirited in treatment and more heavy in tone that they probably proceed entirely from the hand of Giulio Romano." Lübke says the picture is "in the later manner of Raphael" but "only partly executed by his own hand," and Eugene Muntz, the latest authority, speaking of it, among other similar examples in Florence, Naples, Munich, says: "If the mind of the master is recognized in the beauty of their composition, the execution betrays but too often the hand of a pupil." In view of the dicta of all the great critics, therefore, it is evident the attribution to Raphael must be received with great reserve.

THE first autumn exhibition of paintings now open at the National Academy of Design is not by any means brilliant. But neither, considering all things, is it bad. There was really little excuse for it being held at all. One good exhibition in the spring is as much as can be reasonably expected. The idea of a fall exhibition came from without, and was adopted apparently against the judgment of the great majority of both academicians and associates, who are very poorly represented in the galleries. In fact, the managers allowed themselves to be cajoled into the attempt by the very critics who hasten now to condemn it as a failure—who declare that they are astonished to find no evidences of the summer work of the artists, quite ignoring the fact that

the latter had barely returned from their country sojournings when the Academy opened and had hardly time to unfasten their portfolios. For my part, while deploring the general weakness of the exhibition, which, however, was inevitable, I am not sorry that so many academicians kept their unfinished works upon their easels, for we shall probably have in consequence a better exhibition in the spring. A. F. Tait, T. A. Richards, and Edward Gay, who send respectively eight, six, and five pictures, have certainly contributed liberally to the present display.

BRIDGMAN's large canvas of Norman peasants ploughing and planting rape on the slope of a hill is perhaps the strongest picture in the exhibition; the figures of the stooping women in the foreground are admirably drawn and painted, and there is a general air of truth in the scene which, as a rule, we do not find in the same artist's Oriental scenes. Bolton Jones' "Back from the Sand Hills" is in his most mannered style, stiff and void of atmosphere, and his "Their Labors O'er" is not much more pleasing. Dana's "A Brittany Beach Twilight" and "The Water Cart" are not below his average. But in neither this work nor in Jones' is to be found that agreeable quality which distinguishes a landscape signed by John Alexander, and "Early Summer in the Schoharie Valley," by Leonard Ochtman—both newcomers, I think.

THE newcomers on the whole show the best work. Here are F. A. Francis, probably a woman, represented by a charmingly painted picture of a pretty girl; Lucien G. Florence, who also shows a "Portrait of a Young Girl," at once strong and graceful in execution; and Peter Kraemer, Jr., with "The Hornblower," a decidedly clever work of the Munich school. William J. Le Fevre and E. D. Betts both send good landscapes. One of the most ambitious canvases is "The Two Marys at the Sepulchre," by Mrs. Fanny Powell Lloyd, a daughter of the late William H. Powell, historical painter. This young artist has decided ability and evidently is an earnest student; but in spite of strong points in the work, it is plain that the subject is too great for her brush.

THE contributions of the more regular exhibitors include characteristic works by J. G. Brown, Walter Satterlee, Blakelock and Ryder, George W. Maynard, A. T. Bricher, J. F. Cropsey, and Edward Gay. In giving the names of these artists, one almost describes their pictures. Macy, Miller, Shurtleff and Murphy are more than usually happy in their landscapes. Mr. Blum runs to Spanish donkeys this season—Sutton's American Art Gallery shows them in all styles—but is still Mr. Blum. Leon Moran and his brother Percy send larger canvases than usual—"The Milkmaid" and "The Studio" respectively—but these examples of their work suggest progress in little else than facility of technique. Considering how much these young men have already attained, however, this is not faint praise. Marston Ream's fruit-pieces lose none of their popular attractiveness. If this very conventional painter, by the way, could impart to Milne Ramsey's still life just a "soupçon" of this quality in return for a generous dash of the latter's rude but artistic vigor, the work of both might be benefited by the exchange. There is merit in William H. Snyder's two canvases of genre, particularly in the color of "Industry and Idleness." C. Y. Turner's "Afternoon Tea" has the artist's characteristic dash, but neither good color nor graceful drawing. Wordsworth Thompson's carefully composed "Belated Travellers" is one of the best canvases that has left his easel for many a year, and one of the few pictures in the exhibition with a story to it.

THE best bit of character painting without doubt is Alfred Kappes' interior of a negro cabin entitled "Dar's no Place like Home." The frugal meal is over, with the debris scattered over the coffee-stained table-cloth, and the old darkey is thrumming on the banjo to the great delight of his wife, who is leaning forward with the widest and most appreciative smile. The canvas is larger than Mr. Kappes usually sends, but with his broad, vigorous handling it seems well filled. If there is a fault to be noticed, I should say it is in giving too much attention to the elaboration of minor details.

I HAVE received from Messrs. Hall, Nicoll & Granbery a set of glazed cardboard "Kensington tiles," rep-

resenting Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," in imitation of Low's Art Tiles. As they are intended for an advertisement of the house perhaps they hardly call for serious criticism; but I cannot help saying that the firm has been very ill-advised in putting its money into the production of such a sham.

THERE is a charming quality and sense of atmosphere in Mr. Davis' reproduction of Dielman's illustration "Decorating the Church for Christmas" which forms the frontispiece of Harper's Magazine for December. One cannot help seeing the contrast between this admirably executed block and that of Will Low's "Paradise" cut by Wood, which is innocent of aerial perspective, the flatness being emphasized by the "charging" the outlines of the figures. The illustrations of the number, as a whole, are of such excellence that in an ordinary way the critic could afford to ignore what might pass for a technical defect. But I have come to look upon Harper's Magazine and The Century as academical exponents of wood engraving. The progress of the art—in America at least—is nowhere so well indicated as in their handsome pages. So, every month I carefully scan the magazines to be instructed, and may I, in all modesty add, to give sometimes what may be a useful hint?

BUT—to resume what I was saying about the illustrations in "Harper's" this month—if flatness characterizes this one engraving, one may look in vain for it in another. Where can light and air be found more sweetly expressed than in Schelling's cutting of Rockwell's Columbia River view (page 5); or in Rockwell's salmon-fishing scene; or in Romeu's gem-like block on the last page of the article? Wonderfully good, too, is Putnam's work on Abbey's nearly full-page illustration of "Found Drowned." In Thomas W. Knox's interesting article on Havre, cleverly illustrated by C. S. Reinhart, are some of the best woodcuts in the number, notably "Along the Rocks and Sands" cut by Hoskin, which seems, however, to have been "overlaid" too uniformly by the printer. The full-page drawing by Small in "Shandon Bells" is engraved by the well-known Frenchman, Pannemaker. The English serials in Harper's are never illustrated or cut by Americans, but it is worth while calling attention to this particular block as showing the growing influence of the American school on foreign engravers of reputation.

THE CENTURY for December has not yet come to hand. But there is before me instead the last bound volume of the magazine. This is veritably a grammar of art in black and white. The notable illustrations have already been noticed in these columns month by month as they appeared; but when they are seen in one binding they have a new charm, like pleasant comrades whom one has encountered at intervals during the year, met together at last at his own board. I open the book at the noble portrait of Cardinal Newman, and must ask him to take the seat on the right, Herr Wagner will please be seated on the left. And may I request Mr. John Russell Lowell to take the foot of the table. He is a distinguished man; but his portrait is somewhat coarsely executed, and looks better at a distance. Messrs. "Mark Twain" and Emerson will please support him. I was about to ask Patti and Gerster to the symposium, but as they—I mean their portraits—are not in good form, suppose we let it remain a "stag party."

ST. NICHOLAS for the whole year, bound and beautiful, is also before me. Ah, if one could only have a juvenile party and invite all the sweet-faced children one has met in this delightful publication during the year! Miss Frances Harris in her Sir Joshua Reynolds costume, dog and all, should certainly be invited, and come in all her beauty just as she is engraved by Closson. She should have to play with her Greuze's "Ninette." Rosina Emmet's "April Girl" should come in her stained glass attitude. "Donald and Dorothy," with all their doubts happily resolved, should forget them in the joys of the Christmas tree, which of course would be part of the entertainment. The Peterkin children would certainly be present, and as it is usual to invite a few grown persons on such occasions, it is expected that Jessie Mc-

Dermott, Addie Ledyard, and Jessie Curtis Shepherd will come with all the pretty children they have invented. Francis must bring his troop of funny cats. Frank Stockton will be on hand to spin his fairy yarns, and last, but not least, Noah Brooks, the favorite of the boys. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the genial editress of *St. Nicholas*, I am sure, will be glad to be chaperone at such a delightful party.

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THAT appreciative limner of the canine race, Mr. James H. Beard, is perhaps best known in the art world as a humorist in oils. As such his reputation, perhaps, is unequalled on either side of the Atlantic. Now and then, however, he paints a portrait. Visiting his studio recently, I noticed one half-finished he had made of himself. "Why do you not finish it?" I asked. "Because I should have to break one of the strictest rules of my life. When I get a portrait half-finished I won't go on with it without getting the money down—I don't care whose picture it is."

* * *

THAT greatest of dog painters, Sir Edwin Landseer, also occasionally departed from his specialty. The story is told that he once offered to paint the portrait of Sidney Smith, whereupon that jolly and ever ready divine, wittily responded with the biblical query, "Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing unto him?"

* * *

CAN it be possible that live insects and reptiles are actually becoming objects of adornment on the persons of our belles? A lady writes to me as follows: "You would have been edified by the spectacle of a charming young woman at one of the leading summer resorts, who actually wore, secured to the waist of her gown by a fine golden chain, a living beetle of gorgeous hues, which she had tamed for a pet. Sometimes the beetle was seen affectionately meandering upon her shoulder, again it would be lost in the folds of her overskirt. More gruesome was the pet of a young New Orleans lady who had successfully tamed a small green snake, carrying it into company with her upon the slightest provocation! When worn curled around her wrist as a bracelet, the sensations of lookers-on were not of the most agreeable nature; but what were their emotions when the serpent was transferred to her throat, which it would encircle at command?"

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THESE zoological eccentricities are not perhaps the only surprises fashion has in store for us. What does the reader think of the following letter from Connecticut, "the land of steady habits," written by an adult male person, in an apparently serious frame of mind?

"BRIDGEPORT, Oct. 30, 1882.

"SIR: Seeing in your magazine artistic designs for decorations of all sorts, I am encouraged to ask, if, from the same source, a design can be obtained for the tattooing of the entire person. My request is certainly an unusual, perhaps absurd one, but not, I hope, an improper one. The permanent decoration of the body is, possibly, as fair a subject of art as the temporary adornment of our walls. I am not forgetful of the fact that designs have a market value. Any suggestions either editorially or personally made will be thankfully received and, if available, properly paid for.

"Yours respectfully, * * * *

"P. S.—Please let the name, at present at least, be confidential."

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AN interesting exhibition is in progress at Wunderlich's, under the auspices of Mr. Caryl Coleman, of "Plastic Sketches" or pictures in clay, modelled in relief and covered with peculiarly beautiful colored glazes after the style of J. and J. G. Low's well-known tiles.

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THE first annual exhibition of Artists' Studies and Sketches at the American Art Gallery, (lately Moore's), is a private enterprise worthy of public encouragement. It is much more reasonable than a fall exhibition of paintings at the National Academy. Among three hundred contributions—many of which would pass for finished pictures—I find no portrait sketch so good as George H. Story's study of his wife. Blashfield sends a good view of the Palace of Justice, at Paris, the fragment of a processional frieze charming in color, and a clever study for a set of panels. Edward Dowdall, Louis Gay and J. W. Alexander have good studies of heads; Blum, of donkeys; Leon Moran of rustic figures; Miss K. H. Greatorex of chrysanthemums (in water-color), and J. Alden Weir, of a dog.

DOES Mr. Oscar Wilde really believe in himself, I wonder. At a recent dinner at the Lotos Club—at which, by the way, he was *not* a guest of the club, although he intimated to the contrary in his speech—he delivered an extemporary oration bristling with premeditated epigrams. In this inflated effusion he had the effrontery to assume that the art revival in England was not understood or appreciated in this country, because, forsooth, *he*, Oscar Wilde, had been laughed at and ridiculed as its exponent. He spoke of William Morris, Rossetti and their compeers as if he were their mouthpiece—as if, indeed, he were the incarnation of the æsthetic movement, instead of being, as we all know him to be, a comic accident of it. With the editor of the *New York Tribune*—president of the club—sitting directly opposite him, he had the bad taste to seize the opportunity to abuse the American press. A speaker who followed, by merely repeating after him one of his platitudes, pricked the bubble of the flatulent oratory of this pretentious young mountebank. With this exception, no one found it worth while to notice his impudence. If Mr. Wilde will observe the respect with which Mr. Seymour Haden is received in this country, the fact may dawn upon him that while Americans, having a keen sense of humor, may amuse themselves by laughing at the "monkey shines" of a charlatan, they are never insensible to the merits of true worth.

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THE reception at the Lotos Club, in honor of Mr. Seymour Haden, brought together a notable gathering of artists and many eminent men in the medical profession, of which the guest of the occasion is a member. Report says he uses the lancet as skilfully as he does the needle. Mr. Frederick Keppel lent his fine collection of Mr. Haden's etched works, which were shown to advantage on easels and on the walls of the club. Such an exhibition of them has not been seen before on this side of the Atlantic, and the interest of the occasion was much augmented by the presence of the genial master himself, who freely explained his methods to many practical etchers who were present and greatly interested. As I noticed once before, I think, in these columns, Mr. Haden disapproves of "steeling" the copper plate for the purpose of increasing the number of impressions that may be printed from it. He believes it destroys the delicacy of the impression. In proving a plate, however—the copper ordinarily suffers severely by the rough usage this process entails—Mr. Haden avails himself of the steel coating, but he invariably removes it as soon as the plate is approved.

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THAT most delicate example of dry-point etching "Shere Mill Pond" was shown, as were many other of the prints, in two states. I think that "The Towing Path" and "Sunset in Ireland" fairly divided the honors of popularity with the powerful "Calais Pier" and "The Breaking up of the Agamemnon." Both of the latter Mr. Haden intends to reproduce in mezzotint. His working proofs in sepia were placed with the two etchings, giving a good idea of the probable ultimate effect. With the exception of "Calais Pier" and "Near the Grand Chartreuse," after Turner—he designed both for mezzotinting—and a portrait of his grandfather, after Wright, all of this collection of about a hundred plates are original works by the artist, and nearly all of them were etched direct from nature.

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THE auction of the American pictures and Oriental bric-à-brac, lately in the American Art Gallery, belonging to the dissolved firm of Moore & Sutton, afforded unusual opportunities for the judicious buyer. I noticed Mr. Moore himself at Kirby's securing scores of valuable objects, sometimes at considerably less than half what they cost. Several paintings, which had been sold more than once before at much better prices without leaving the auction rooms, this time went in earnest at prices which, out of regard for the feelings of the artists, I refrain from giving.

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IN view of the increasing knowledge of the day on matters of art, it might be well for the dictionaries to revise some of their definitions. For example, in "Webster's Unabridged," I find: "Jade—a stone of dark-green color, hard and compact, capable of fine polish and used for ornamental purposes." Now, the color of jade is not necessarily green, and still less dark green, for it ranges from the latter to a white

having only a greenish tinge, and red jade also is well known to collectors. Nor is jade used only for ornamental purposes. Its hardness is such that some savage tribes from time immemorial have used it for knives and spear and arrow heads.

* * *

AN American art critic who, "if anything happens," will be on hand to take the place of the discredited Director of the Metropolitan Museum, went to Boston recently, I am told, to "fix" the press in the interest of Mr. Cesnola. He was not altogether successful. It is curious, by the way, that up to the present time no Boston newspaper has been enterprising enough to sift the merits of the museum controversy on its own responsibility. The *Century Magazine* made such an investigation, with what damaging result to the Director is well known. Since then neither the latter nor any of his official protectors has had a word to offer in controversion. A general denial and "my lawyers tell me to say nothing on the subject" are now Mr. Cesnola's only answers to the most pertinent inquiries. It is very natural that his lawyers should have so instructed him, for the statements he has hitherto made to the press have been so wildly contradictory that when put before a jury they will hardly create a favorable impression. His lawyers are doubtless right in insisting upon his silence. No accused person is required to criminate himself. But the precaution comes too late.

* * *

THAT vivacious young Frenchman Mr. Feuardent evidently has no apprehension about *his* position in the matter. Such an array of evidence as he has got together must inevitably overwhelm his adversary when the case comes fairly before the court, as it will in January—that is if another postponement is not secured by the defence. Accidents, too, have been helping Mr. Feuardent of late. The recent unearthing by Mr. Halm of an old forgotten album of photographs of objects forming part of Mr. Cesnola's Cypriote discoveries, with each object neatly described in Mr. Cesnola's own handwriting contradicting his printed statements, was a staggering blow to the museum authorities; for these gentlemen unwisely continue to make the cause of the Director their own. They will certainly have reason to regret such a policy. Let them, if they will, reject every particle of testimony—that of the Halm album not excepted—that may hitherto have been adduced to prove the untruthfulness and entire lack of principle of the man to whom they confide the fortunes of the important institution of which they are the trustees, and estimate the character of Mr. Cesnola from one solitary fact that has just come to light with the republication of the late Signor Ceccaldi's account of his own discoveries in Cyprus, and they must see that, in face of such evidence, they are seriously compromising their own reputations in giving their countenance to such a person.

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THE point briefly is this: Ceccaldi's account of his own Cypriote discoveries made in 1867 and 1869 was published in Paris in the *Revue Archeologique*, in the latter year. The *original* numbers of the magazine containing these articles are before me as I write; and I find several of the objects illustrated are identical with those in the "Cyprus" of Cesnola which was first published for him by the Harpers in 1878; and there Mr. Cesnola claims to have himself discovered these very same objects at entirely different places, hundreds of miles away, in the years 1870 and 1875—that is to say, after in some instances, the statues had been already several years on exhibition in The Louvre and other European museums. In his book Mr. Cesnola accounts for his failure to produce these objects by saying that they were "lost at sea."

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IN an illustrated review of Ceccaldi's book which will appear in the next number of *THE ART AMATEUR* this new charge will be fully sustained. In the meanwhile, I will only add that not only has Mr. Cesnola reproduced in his "Cyprus," as his own discoveries, objects published in Paris nine years before by Ceccaldi as *his* discoveries; but in some cases the very same drawings evidently have been used by both. In more than one instance you can make an outline on tracing paper from Ceccaldi, which will just cover that of the figure illustrated in Cesnola's book, and every fold in the voluminous draperies will exactly coincide.

MONTEZUMA.